



# After the World Ends



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## Chapter 1 by Supercomicbookgirl

It's been four years since the accident that wiped everyone out. Fire raining from the sky, most people didn't even see it coming, I was one of the few who did. Some people said that it had been predicted long ago, but this wasn't like the rapture, this was the end of the world. And once the rain of fire stopped, 'they' came to finish off the rest. I'll never forget seeing people being ripped apart by those claws, those all-wretching horrifying claws, I'll never forget those blood-soaked eyes or how I caused all of this.

## Chapter 2 by Spirit



A giant cold, steel lumberjack's ax was strapped crudely over my back. It was my only protection. Well, aside from the pistol that was sitting in it's holster over my hip. However, it was next to useless. Bullets didn't work on them, the small holes just closed up after you put the bullet through them. You had to tear them apart, limb by limb to actually kill them. That was if they didn't kill you first.

The pistol was mostly to deal with other humans. You would think of them as friends, but an Armageddon such as this did things to people. Fear did things to people. They became animals,

seeing others not as allies, but as an opportunity to kill and take their equipment. You couldn't trust anyone in this world anyway. See more of Story Wars

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At the moment I was hiding in the basement, which was still standing. The rubble of the once large, and possibly profitable business around the

stairwell resulted in the perfect camouflage. They won't investigate a building that has already been 'destroyed.'

My biggest concern was acquiring some food and water. Thirst was the ultimate killer these days. Not so much because people didn't have enough to drink, it was that you had to come out of hiding to acquire the water. Once you came out of hiding, they found you, and they killed you. They weren't stupid either, because I noticed that they tended to hang out near the river, although they didn't need water to survive, they knew that we did.

Now I was out of water, it was time to go collect some, but how?

### Chapter 3 by bookworm2102



I looked around, seeing if i had forgotten anything. I had to bring everything. If I was caught by Them, i had to run for it, and i couldn't go back to the Bakery.

My backpack contained these items;

1. most importantly; my ax
2. my food supply
3. my 6 canteens
4. my photos of me, my mother, my father my older brother Cameron, and my younger sister Jamie. Who knows if they're even alive.
5. My pistol. Only used for Human emergencies.
6. My skittles. All ready cleared of all the red ones.
7. My journal. If anyone from another universe comes and tries to repopulate the Earth, they'll hopefully see this, and leave. For their own good.
8. My two favorite books; The Book Thief, and Percy Jackson's Greek Gods.
9. Red Hots.

I smiled as I saw the sloppily written "Samantha Regan (Sam)" etched on the backpacks interior. The backpack was all I had left of my old life.

I shouldered my backpack and exited the building, my ax ready to swing.

Nothing

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The streets were empty, a

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I shrugged it off, and started walking to the closest river.

When I got there, something was there. It was Human, I could tell. It didn't have the greenish tinge of Them.

"Put your hands up where I can see them!" I shouted out to them.

The person jumped, startled. They put their hands up, and quickly.

" Please... Don't hurt me..." They turned, and I saw a little girl standing next to them. It was a boy, about my age, and the girl was Jamie's age.

His brown eyes struck me, and I put my ax down.

"Fine. Who are you."

#### Chapter 4 by Ryan Monaghan



"I'm..." i hesitated, his eyes seemed as if they looked into me and saw everything about me, as if he already knew who i was before i could even speak. "My name's John, I've been wandering this area looking for supplies, who are you?" I asked him.

"I'm Ben, and this is Lucy, we're just fishing but we haven't caught anything since yesterday. Sorry but i hope you don't mind me asking but is this your groups territory?" His eyes looked at me in concern I couldn't help but put the axe away.

"No, i didn't think there was enough people left... actually i didn't think there was anybody alive. I'm just a wanderer, a lone wolf looking for anything that will help me live a day longer. every one i know is dead probably," i told them.

"Us to, we've just been hoping someone would show up and take us to there group, but we found you instead. Can you help us?" he asked his sister looking at me in a plead.

"I can, do you have any water?" water was the resource i most desperately needed, however it was also the most limited resource in this wasteland.

"No, we would try getting some from the river but we don't want to risk getting sick," Ben

seemed to be telling the truth mainly because of his sister. He caught me looking at her waiting for an answer from her. "She has a family in the incident. She's just been using her hands to help them. I don't know what she means by that."

"I see, well if you don't want to risk getting sick, you can just go to the river for an hour or two just in case it gets rid of the bad stuff. I'm just wondering but what did you mean by territory?"

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asked him remembering the subject.

"There's groups that we've stumbled upon, i guess since the worlds in anarchy and destruction they decided to form and take land for themselves," he said as he and his sister began walking with me. "Theres five in this area i think, calling themselves Dormants, Crows, Wolves, Angels of fire, and i think Runners, but theres more of them out there in this wasteland we used to call home," he said a little to calmly. I stopped and looked at him,

"And which one are you two a part of?"

He smiled as i pulled my axe back out. "Well funny you should ask that,"

"ARRRRRRROOOOOOOO!!!" I ran and made the mistake of looking back to a group chasing me, they through something and i felt the sheering pain of a spear go through my axe hand. I was stuck in the ground, my axe lay in the dirt, my hand bleeding and spear with eyes on it stuck in the sand as i scream in pain.

"You'd think people would at least think about the possibility of a trap when they see two kids alone by the river, but i guess you don't have the smarts" i heard Ben telling me.

"I'm **gasp** going to kill you!" i yelled. "Ah, but you see your stuck in the ground and I'm roaming freely where does that put us?" he said, "And the packs kind of getting hungry. Bryan get his axe, Chloe, Samantha, get that spear outta of him... after you put him out, don't worry John, we're not going to kill you...yet," he told me i looked up and saw her.

"You know maybe we shouldn't knock him out, we can just tie him here and make him walk or-" Ben interrupted Sam, "Sam your always to nice to these kinds of people, don't worry John, the Alphas going to love what we brought him," he said.

I look up and get hit with a club. "Welcome to the Wolf pack my friend," i heard him say, and was knocked out.

## Chapter 5 by Holly Jessen



i heard people all around me. I stayed quite until i thought everyone had left. i dosed in and out of life. when i was out i had a dream that my family all of them where her by my side. that they where alive in some camp with people to help me.

"what are we supposed to do with her",said a deep voice

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I woke up in cold sweats my thought hesitated and I thought where am but it finally it came back to me I had been attacked by something but I couldn't quite get a picture in my head. I stood up and I noticed a wound on my arm but I just kept strutting along. When I get close to the bakery I saw something out of the corner of my eye and I ducked behind some stones it was Ben and Brian. They had my axe and I knew I could never get my stuff back without help. But who could help me was there even anyone else left?

### Chapter 7 by Ryan Monaghan



Wait, why am i here? is this a Dream? I was taken by the wolves, am i dead?

I woke with a startle. I looked around, my arm had been bandaged and the spear head removed. I was in a cell block by the looks of it. A bakery, why did I remember a bakery? I don't know, right now i needed to figure a way out of this cell, and then out of the area to avoid anymore encounters. Someone was coming, i played dead.

"He's over here sir, picked him up a few days ago by the river," i heard a wolf say. "He'll do, wake him, and bring him to me," the other said in a rough voice and he left the room. "Hey princess wake up!" the wolf said as he sprayed me with a fire hose.

"What do you want from me?!" i yelled. "You," he said. He chained me and walked me out the cell block and down a hall full of blood spattered paintings. We stopped at a door and entered the great hall, The Alpha sat on his throne of bones in the center.

"So Tell me... John is it? How would you like to become a wolf?"

### Chapter 8 by Elias Campbell



This question made my heart drop. Not just anybody got to be a wolf. I asked "Why, what's your game?" "No game" he said plainly. "We merely think you would be a valuable addition to our side. Think about it anything you want it could be yours." "Sounds like a good deal. I'm in". Little did he know I will soon kill him in his sleep

the end

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